Ro. And badst me bury loue.
Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in, another out to haue.
Ro. I pray thee chide me not, her I loue now
Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O she knew well,
Thy loue did read by rote, that could no spell:
But come yong Wauerer, come and goe with me,
In one respect Ile thy assistant be:
For this Alliance may so happie proue,
To turne your houshold rancor to pure loue.
Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden hast.
Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Deu'le should this *Romeo* be? came hee not home to night?
Ben. Not to his fathers, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tibalt, the Kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his fathers house.
Mer. A challenge on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answere it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answere a Letter.
Ben, Nay, he will answere the Letters Master, how he dares being dared.
Mer. Alas, poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, stab'd with a white Wenches blacke Eye, run through the eare with a Loue-Song, the very Pinne of his heart, cleft with the blinde Bow-boyes But-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?
Rom. Why, what is *Tibalt*?
Mer. More then Prince of Cats. O hee's the couragious Captaine of Complements: he fights as you sing Prick-song, keepes time, distance and proportion, hee rests his *minum* rests, one two and the third in your bosome: the very Butcher of a silke

silke button, a dualist, a dualist, a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortall Passado, the punto reuerso, the Hay.
Ben. The what?
Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantacies, these new tuners of accent: by Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing grandsir, that wee should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardona-mees, who stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.
Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering, O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchin wench, marrie shee had a better loue to berime her: *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Helten* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisbie* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo Bonieur*, theres a French salutation to your frenchflop: you gaue vs the counterfeit fairely last night.
Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?
Mer. the slip sir, the slip, can you not conceiue?
Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.
Mer. Thats as much as to say, such a case as yours constraines a man to bow in the hams.
Romeo. Meaning to curtsie.
Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.
Rom. A most curteous exposition.
Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of curtesie.
Romeo. Pinck for flower.
Mer. Right.
Romeo. Why then is my pump well flowred.
Mer. Sure wit, follow mee this ieast, now till thou hast worne out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worne,